

Don 59
/

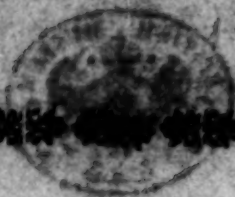
POEMS

O F

LOVE

A N D

GALLANTRY, &c.



(Price Four Pence.)

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS

OF

LOVE

AND

GALLANTRY.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

(Printed in London)

POEMS

OF

LOVE

AND

11601.d.22

1-9

GALLANTRY.

WRITTEN

In the MARSHALSEA and NEWGATE,
by several of the Prisoners taken at
P R E S T O N.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. GRANTHAM in Pa-
ter-noster-row, 1716.

POEMS

OF

LOVE

AND

GALLANTRY.

WRITTEN

In the Marshes and Newgate,
by several of the Prisoners taken at
P. R. 320 75



LONDON:

Printed by J. GRANHAM in Pa-
ter-noster-row, 1710.



POEMS

OF

Love and Gallantry, &c.

From W. Tunstale in the Marshalsea, to
C. Wogan in Newgate.

Tune, To all ye Ladies.

I.

From Me, Dear Charles, inspir'd with
Ale,
To Thee this Letter comes,
To try if Scribbling can prevail
To moderate our Dooms:

Tho'

(6)

Tho' pent in Cage the Black-Bird swings,
Yet still he hops, and struts, and sings.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

II.

Perhaps you'll wonder why I chose,
At this unlucky Time,
To quit the loose and easy Prose,
To tie my Thoughts to Rhime :
For why, you'll say, since we're confin'd
Should we lay Shackles on the Mind ?
With a fa, la, la, &c.

III.

But since, tho' bound, on *Barnet* Tits,
So lately we astride,
Thro' hir'd Shouts of wide-mouth'd Cits,
Without a Rein could ride ;
Sure *Pegasus*, without a Bit,
To pinion'd Poets may submit,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

IV.

But if the winged Steed should rear,
And start into a Freak,
We'll send for jolly Granadeer
To lead him by the Cheek.
Then we with corded Arms may ride,
And sit, and think, and thump his Side.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

V. For

V.

For *Pegasus*, whilst he could soar,
 No Poets ever made,
 He flew *Boatia* o'er and o'er,
 Until he turn'd a Jade;
 His tir'd Hoof, then spurn'd the Rock,
 And *Helican* pursu'd the Stroke,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

VI.

So, when from *Highgate-Hill* I came,
 In Triumph thro' the Town,
 And jaded Palfrey, dull and lame,
 At *Marshal's* set me down:
 Without the Wings, he had the Heel;
 Thence! *Ale* and *Beer*, and *Beer* and *Ale*!
With a fa, la, la, &c.

VII.

Thus, strutting full of heavy Grout,
 With Belch and Flegm replete,
 I send my *Muse* to find Thee out
 At *Newgate* or the *Fleet*:
 Such Eructations! sure demand
 Some speedy Comfort from thy Hand.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

VIII.

VIII.

For now, *Dear Charles*, (my Freedom gone)
 This Prison seems my Wife,
 I no Man see to aid my Moan,
 Hear nought but Noise and Strife:
 For (after all that can be said)
 A Goal's a Kind of being wed.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

IX.

Now I this Tale to Thee have told;
 (And Nothing can be worse)
 That I this Goal, must *Have and Hold*
 For *Better* and for *Worse*;
 Judge then, how bravely I shall quit
 This Marriage *Noose* for *Tyburn Twitt*.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

X.

Nay, if * *Old Mopsa*, who has lost
 Her *Love* in Battle slain,
 Should beg me from the *Three-leg'd Post*,
 To fix me to her *Twain*.
 So long suspended! I should stand!
 The Cart would drive—and I be hang'd!

With a fa, la, la, &c.

To

To W. T. upon his Song to CLIO.

How can you Tune your Words to wanton Notes?

How can you Sing and now unbind your Thoughts?

When furly Fate your Body has confin'd,
Can you unloose your self and loose your Mind?
A sprightly Youth whom heat of Love inspires
May vent his Love, and wish for his Desires;
Soft Words smoothe'd o'er with softest Art,
May shew the Passion of the Lover's Heart.
Such Gayety in Youth may some Allow-
ance have;

But candy'd Age! and yet a wanton Slave!
Can sue no Pardon, nor a Pardon crave.
Sure *Marshal's Beer and Ale*, or *Ale and Beer*,
Must be the Muses Liquor or the Muses Cheer,
Else what! what follow'd fatal *Preston Fight*,
Would still present thy Mind with better
Light;

It so clouds me, that Wine cannot avail,
Whose mighty Power's beyond the Power of
Ale.

Halter'd and pinion'd astride the *Barnet Steed*,
In Triumph thro' the City to the Prison led,
The Noise of Chains within the Iron Gate,
The pale-fac'd Image of poor *Robin's Fate*,
And riding thence again in *Tyburn State*.
These are the Subjects of my Muse and Mind,
No Thoughts of *Mopsa*, or of Womankind,

Can now prevail, or force my Muse to Sing,
 My Harp with *Israels* on the Willows hing,
 Not force of Love or Art can Tune her
 String.

If I with Captive *Salem* could forget
 My native Freedom, and my former State,
 With thee I'd Sing, but now to Sing's too
 late.

*The Preston Prisoners to the Ladies about
 Court and Town.*

By way of Comfort, from C. W. to W. T.

I.

YOU Fair Ones all at Liberty,
 We Captive Lovers greet,
 Nor slight our Tears and Sighs, 'cause we
 Can't lay 'em at your Feet :
 The Fault's not ours, and you may guess
 We can desire no greater Bliss.

With a fa, la, &c.

II.

What ! tho' pack'd up in Prison's base,
 With Bolts and Bars restrain'd,
 Think not our Bodies love you less,
 Or Souls are more confin'd :
 Each was to'ts utmost Power, your Slave,
 Nor Freedom took but what you gave.

With a fa, la, &c.

III. Thus

(II)

III.

Thus doubly Captive, in this Cause
Your prior Title pleads,
This Goal's High Treason 'gainst your Laws,
And Property invades:
Wherefore, since Prisons are our due,
'Tis just we be lock'd up by you.

With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

From hence to those most blissful Bowers,
Lest we shou'd miss our Way,
Those Beauties that display'd their Powers
The last triumphant Day,
As most expert in Cupid's Wars,
Shall guide us on like Granadeers.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

Thus we'll to the Innocent and Fair,
That shun indecent Sights,
From purchas'd Shouts and noisom Air,
To Whispers and Delights:
Then all our Pains shall Pleasures prove,
And Pinion'd Arms be Wings of Love.

With a fa, la, &c.

VI.

But if our stubborn Keepers still
Shou'd chain us in our Dens,
In Disobedience to your Will
And sovereign Influence ;

Spite of their Shackles, Bolts and Doors,
Our Hearts are free, and they are yours.

With a fa, la, &c.

VII.

Mean while, within these Walls immur'd,

Think not our Spirit's lost,
The vilest Ale our Goal afford

Is *Nectar* with a Toast :

And if some Wine creep in by Stealth,
It has its Relish from your Health.

With a fa, la, &c.

VIII.

Our tedious Nights and loathsome Days,

With your Remembrance bless'd,
At length may some Compassion raise

Within your tender Breasts :

No Matter what our Juries find,

We're happy still if you prove kind.

With a fa, la, &c.

IX.

Nay, shou'd we Victims be design'd

By those that Rule the State,

Shou'd Mercy no Admittance find,

To Hearts that shou'd be Great ;

What Dread can Goals or Gibbets shew

To Men who've died so oft for you.

With a fa, la, &c.

XI

If Fate must fix th' unworthy Doom,
 We'll leave you fresh Supplies,
 And from our Ashes, in our Room,
 Some Phoenixes shall rise,
 Whose Vows will more successful prove
 In happier Days to win your Lover.
With a fa, la, &c.

From W. T. to C. W.

The Second Part: *To the same Tune.*

WHilst impotent, tho' fill'd with Rage,
 I grumbling gnaw my Chains;
 The happy *Muse*, and youthful *Age*,
 Can sport amidst thy Pains:
Around, round, round, with ringing Rhimes
 Thou turn'st thy Wheel to thy own Chimes.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Amidst the Noise of *Chains* and *Keys*,
 Thou can'st of *Cupid* sing,
 The *Warders* their hoarse Bawling cease,
 And *Drawers* watch thy String.
 So Storms t' *ARION* lent their Ears,
 And *Orpheus* play'd midst *Wolfs* and *Bears*. &c.

III. But

III.

But thy more pow'rful Notes excel,
 Whate'er the Poets say,
 When *Orpheus* travel'd down to *Hell*
 To fiddle his Wife away :
 He only freed one Nymph from Pains ;
 Thou charm'st a Thousand into Chains. &c.

IV.

Thy Flame, amidst cold Walls, survives,
 No Moment's Care neglects,
 And ev'n, when thou'rt dead, contrives
 To please the Female Sex :
 Thy unextinguish'd Sparks shall burn,
 And Nymphs possess Thee in thy Urn. &c.

Yet, trust me *Charles*, when thou wast led
 A Captive thro' the Street,
 Those Females only came t' invade,
 And finish thy Defeat :
 Of all their Conquer'd Charms bereft,
 Now glad to plunder what was left. &c.

VI.

Despis'd by Court and City *Beaus*,
 To see our Shew they came,
 Amongst a few defenceless Foes,
 To play an after Game.

From

From *Golden Chains*, and *Garter'd Lords*,
To find a *Slave* amidst our *Cords*. &c.

VII.

Young *Flora* warmth creates in *Thee*;
When Beams around her play;
But *She* is coldest still to *Me*,
When most serene and gay;
And thus the brightest Skies beget
In *Winter Cold*, in *Summer Heat*. &c.

VIII.

Let *Bruma* her old Opticks rub,
To shew her vain Desire,
And, artful, like *Winstanly's Tub*,
At once spout Rain and Fire;
I neither will submit my Years,
To *Flora's Smiles*, nor *Bruma's Tears*. &c.

IX.

With hoary *Age* all fenc'd around,
Secare Intrench'd I lie,
And Sixty Years still staunch are found
'Gainst Love's Artillery;
And thus encamp'd, like *Northern Hosts*,
I safely rest in *Snows* and *Frosts*. &c.

X.

Thus Jolly *Thames*, that us'd to bear
Upon his Curled Breast,
The charming Burthens of the *Fair*,
Who seldom gave him rest;
Now, indolent, and free from Vice,
Sleeps undisturb'd in his own *Ice*. &c.

XI. Then,

Then, since to *Mars* I'm captive made;

From *Cupid* I'll be free,

I will not, by my Strugglings, add

To my Captivity;

Nor groan beneath the tripple Ties,

Of *Age*, and *Chains*, and *Womans Eyes*: &c.

XII.

In *Mars's* War, who'er is rang'd,

Some Mercy may obtain,

To conquer, or to be exchang'd,

If in the Battle ta'en;

But *Love's* a Foe, so fierce! so fell!

The Tyrant fights without Cartell. &c.

W. T. to fair *Clio*; who, the first Time
he had the Honour to see her, sung a
Ballad of her own Composing, in Com-
pliment to One he had Writ before.

To the Tune of; To all you Ladies, &c.

I.

AH! *Clio*, had thy distant Lays
Attack'd my weakest Side,
And thou had only WRIT to raise
An empty Poet's Pride;
With merry Glee, then, all Day long;
Thy Wit and Verse had been my Song.

II. But,

II.

But, to the *Lines*, which thou hadst Writ;
 It was a cruel Choice,
 To add new *Force*, and *Grace* thy *Wit*
 With *Beauty* and with *Voice*;
Wit only *points*, but *Lips* and *Eye*,
 Feather the *Darts* and make them fly.

III.

Thou should'st thy dawning *Muse* have sent,
 Fore-runner to thy *Sun*,
 And not have spread the Firmament
 At once with height of *Noon*;
 To banish *Darkness*, it was kind,
 But cruel, thus, to strike me blind.

IV.

Thy *Arrows*, from a random Hand,
 Might chance to miss their *Aim*,
 But when you take so near a *Stand*,
 They cannot fail to main:
 For what Amazement must it bring,
 To see thee *Look*, and hear thee *Sing*?

V.

When kind'd *Skies* their *Lightnings* broach;
 At Distance, first they appear,
 To warn us of their fierce Approach,
 And for the Storm prepare;
 But *Flashes*, unexpected, fright,
 They melt the *Soul*, and pierce the *Sight*.

G

VI. But

VI.

But you, fair *Nymph*, no Time allow,
 At once you'r Fate proclaim,
 And whilst your *Beauty* makes us glow,
 Your *Voice* inspires the Flame:
 But when the *Muse* assumes her Part,
 What *Engines* can insure the Heart?

VII.

The *Delphick God*, by Female Tongues,
 His Oracles declar'd,
 Thro' horrid Looks, from untun'd Lungs,
 The Fate of Crowns was heard;
 But the whole *God* in you does meet,
 His *Youth*, his *Musick*, and his *Wit*.

VIII.

Had *Sappho*, thus, to *Phaon* writ,
 She had escap'd the *Wave*;
 The *Youth* had been, by Force of *Wit*,
 Compell'd the *Nymph* to save:
 But *Sappho* met her *Destiny*,
 'Cause *Sappho* could not write like *Thee*.

IX.

Like *Thee* had *Eccho* tun'd her *Voice*,
Narcissus to invoke,
 The *Self-lov'd Youth* had fix'd his *Choice*,
 Nor doom'd her to a *Rock*;
 Thus both a better Fate had found;
 She had not *Pin'd*, nor he been *Drown'd*.

X. But

But, whate'er Fate to me belongs,

This Comfort I shall have,
To be recorded in thy Songs,

And triumph in the Graves:

Who falls a Victim to thy Eyes,

Is, by thy Verses, sure to rise,

XI.

Thy fragrant Lines salute the Sky,

Like an Arabian Nest,

And, like an aged Phoenix, I

Embalm'd on Spices rest.

Thus, whilst amidst thy Flames, I burn,

I rise Immortal from the Urn.

To CLIO the Fair; upon her Ballad Sung
in the Marshalsea to W. T.

Tune, To all ye Ladies, &c.

I.

AH! Clio, why did you attack
Age cover'd o'er with Snow:
To Newgate had you steer'd your Track
Where Youth and Beauty glow;

And there your charming Notes had sung,
And tun'd them to the Brave and Young.

With a fa, la, &c.

II.

The fetter'd Youth, had got some ease,
And would his Chains forgot:
Such Charity in you to please,
And mitigate his Lot.

Then you had given him Power to raise,
His sinking Muse to sing your Praise.

With a fa, la, &c.

III.

There Youth and Beauty both had joyn'd,
That now lie hid in Goal;
And all that's Witty had combin'd,
Your Charms for to entail:

So now, in troth, it must be said,
Like Cupid, purblind, is the Maid.

With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

Or else to Marshal's you'd ne'er steer,
To find out candy'd Age;

At Newgate, you had found one there,
Fast bolted in a Cage,

Whose Age to yours does best belong;
Had been fit Subject for a Song.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

Instead of hearing borrow'd Words,
To sing aloud your Fame;

You'd met with one who's Love affords,
To Love an equal Flame:

No Delphick God, nor Sappho Tales,
But Love it self, which most prevails. &c.

VI. No

VI.

No vain and foolish Tales of *Urn*,
 Occasion'd by your Verse,
 For tho' poor *Charles* must to *Tyburn*,
 And lie in Mourning Herse :
 O! if that you had met with him,
 The fittest Subject for your Rhime.

With a fa, la, &c.

VII.

Then, *dearest Clio*, sing once more,
 Your pleasing warb'ling Lines,
 To one that does your Wit adore,
 And now himself resigns :
 To sing your Praise in Rustick Verse,
 Before Intomb'd in silent Herse.

With a fa, la, &c.

VIII.

O! join with me, you Cag'd Birds all,
 And strain your softest Lines ;
 And let the Worlds Beauties all
 Bear witness to your Rhimes,
 And praise bright *Clio*, e'er you shall,
 From highest Pearch, to lowest fall.

With a fa, la, &c.

IX.

Who rather chuse to sing her Song,
 To him whom Fate attends :
 His equal Fate, to us belong,
 Alike we are his Friends :
 Therefore let us, with one accord,
 Bright *Clio's* Beauty still record.

With a fa, la, &c.

X. For

For Ancient Bards have told this Tale,
 Old Swans best Musick make ;
 Let us, therefore, this once prevail,
 If we for *Clio's* sake :
 For tho' by Fate we end our Days,
 We'll tune them to her lasting Praise.
With a fa, la, &c.

*The despairing Captive eased with the
 Thoughts of Mercy.*

*Est nobilis ira Leonis parcere Subjectis & de-
 bellare superbos.*

Could I display the Characters of Woe,
 But now I can't since Showers of Tears
 do flow,
 Distilling Drops upon the Ground I tread,
 Until I pay my Tribute to the Dead ;
 What tho' I mourn my matchless Fate alone !
 Imprison'd Walls do Eccho out my moan ;
 Who's doleful Eccho's to my Sighs agree,
 And they between my Weakness Judge & me.
 But whilst I live, and live retir'dly here,
 Shaded all o'er with Sorrow and with Fear,
 Which makes my Muse stand list'ning to my
 lay,
 All bath'd in Tears where she was wont to
 play ;
 Dwell thou in Peace my drooping fading Soul,
 Till fluid Time convey thee to the Pole ;
 Discharg'd

Discharg'd from Nature and from Fortune's
Trust,

Fly thou apace to thy remaining Dust.

O my unhappy Lines! you that in former
Days

Have serv'd my Youth to vent her wanton
Lays:

But now congeal'd with Grief, can scarce
implore

Softness to warbling Notes as heretofore.

I'm now conceal'd within this Sable Cave;

A perfect Emblem of a future Grave:

A Womb of Earth must now my Corps em-
brace,

My silent Cover and my lonesome place:

Silence, in truth, would speak my Sorrow best,

Yet such deep Wounds as mine can take no
Rest;

And deepest Wounds can least their feelings
tell:

So, now to former Joys I lov'd, I bid farewell.

Why does hard Fate conspire to make an end?

Why does she frowning Omens send?

Can no Attonement still her kindled Rage?

Can no Perfumes the Deity assuage?

Astrea now has wing'd herself, and gone,

And left us here to weep, and here to moan;

Bring *Indian* Gums, & make the Altar smoke;

Bring richest Spices t'vert the angry Look:

Let all our *Tyrian* Ladies make them Gay,

And try if they can please the Gods that way.

Hold Muse, I hear soft Voices fan the Air;

Hark! ——— speaks Peace; away Despair:

I hear it whisper'd that it is decreed,
That Captives from their Fetters must be
freed :

Let Musick to the softest Notes be tun'd ;
Let all be Mirth, all all the Mirth perfum'd,
To praise the mighty G—ge the Conqueror,
Who's justly we're decreed by fate of War,
And still more mild than any K— before.
Cease murmurs cease, let Faction fly the
Stage,

Instead of these, let Duty grace our Age :
Let all our Days slide on in Loyal Streams ;
Peace cloath each Quarter, Plenty load our
Teams :

Then every Grace shall bless Old *Albion's* Isle,
And crowding Favours make her People
Smile.

To gain this Bliss let *Calidon* conspire,
That she with *Albion* may unite intire,
And no more Factions kindle *Hiber's* Fire.
Unite, who would not under such a Lord,
Whose Love and Mercy challenge an Accord :
His juster Claim maintains him in his Throne,
And Rules with mildness all that are his own.



FINIS